



**Dear Diary,**

**LilisBooks**

## Dear Diary, by LilisBooks

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**Summary:**

Dear Diary,

I'm in love with a boy.

I shouldn't say it, and I shouldn't think about it, but I can't help it. He's one of my best friends and sometimes, when I look at him, I can't help it and I just want to kiss him. He's an idiot, but he's my idiot, I guess.

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Or the one where Eddie writes a diary.

## Dear Diary,

### Author's Note:

So... I'm sad and I wrote this because Andy Muschietti just said that maybe there's a Reddie kiss in the supercut and I need the world to know that Reddie wasn't one sided.

English is not my first language so if there's any mistake, please let me know.

This is not a Fix-It.

Dear Diary,

My name is Eddie Kaspbrak and I'm 13 14 years old.

I have a group of friends and we call ourselves "The Losers Club". There's Bill, the leader and the best friend ever; Stan, the most serious guy you'll ever meet but he's also the best out of all of us; Bev, the only girl but the toughest out there. Never mess with Bev. There's also Ben, the sweetest and the guy you can always rely on; Mike, who is always there when you need him. And then there's Richie.

There's no way I can describe Richie in just one page. I can't.

You're actually a present from him.

It's my birthday and he thought I'd like a notebook where I could put my thoughts and everything I needed. "Even your schedule for your pills, Eds" he said as he messed with my hair.

I say I hate it when he calls me Eds, but it's actually nice to have a nickname only he uses. A thing that's only between me and him. I still don't like Eddie Spaghetti, but it's not so bad once I think about it.

I wouldn't ever say this to his face, it would go right over his ego, but he's actually my best friend ever and my life wouldn't be the same without him.

Good thing only you will see this.

Love,

Eddie.

...

Dear Diary,

Today Richie took me for ice cream because I had a fight with Mommy.

She still insists I'm always gonna get sick and that Richie is a "dirty boy that will only lead me to bad things". And yes, Richie is dirty and obnoxious and an asshole. But I'm always safe when I'm with him. Nothing will ever happen to me as long as Richie is by my side.

I know the other Losers will always keep me safe but it's different with Richie. It means something more and I see it every time I look at him. He was so mad when that clown broke my arm.

I would die for the Losers in a heartbeat, but I'm pretty sure Richie would die for me too. And I don't know what to feel about that.

For now, I can always count on him to take me for ice cream when Mommy is being too much and I can't handle it.

It was a very good ice cream.

Love,  
Eddie.

...

Dear Diary,

Bev is leaving for Portland and I'm sad.

She says we will always be friends, having bonded with us over what happened in the summer but I feel something crushing me when I think about her leaving. Is like something will keep us apart and there's nothing we can do to stop it.

Maybe Richie's right and I'm just paranoid, like when I let my phobias get the best of me and I need him to calm down.

I want to believe Richie is right. I don't want to lose the Losers.

We spent the day at the Barrens, playing in the quarry like we did in the summer. Even though its winter, we needed to feel like summer all over again, playing in the water and laughing and enjoying an afternoon all of us together without a care. We then went to the Clubhouse to spend some time telling stories about us and it was good. It was like we had forever right ahead of us.

Richie stayed with me even after we left the others, walking me home and spending time with me in my room until I fell asleep. He's still here as I write on you and has the stupidest face when he's asleep. It's kinda cute.

Maybe he's right and I'll never lose the Losers, and they will always be with me.

But, no matter what, I know I'll always have Richie.

Love,  
Eddie.

...

Dear Diary,

Now Bill is leaving because his parents can't stand Derry any longer and I'm scared. Bev said she would write, but she hasn't since she left. It's been 6 months and we miss her like it was the first day. We've sent her letters but she never answers, like we meant nothing to her.

Maybe she has forgotten all about Derry and about us.

I would like to forget about Derry and everything that happened here, my mom, Henry Bowers and his gang, Greta, that clown, but not about the Losers. Not about Bill. Not about Richie.

Bill was my first friend, even before Richie, when I was five years old and too scared to interact with the other kids. He took a look at me at kindergarten and stood by my side when I was being bullied, defending me like the big brother I always wanted but never had. He was the first person over at my house to play with my toys and the first one to love me despite Mommy.

That's what Bill means to me.

I hope he doesn't forget about us, about me, 'cause I know I'll never forget about Bill.

I'm gonna miss my big brother so much.

But I still have until the end of summer to enjoy having Bill here, and we're gonna have the time of our lives. Despite Richie's stupid jokes.

I wonder when it will be time for Richie to leave this town, and me , behind. He can't wait to get out of here. I can't either if I'm being honest with you. If he asked, I'd go wherever he went.

Love,

Eddie.

...

Dear Diary,

Ben is leaving right before we start highschool and I don't know what to think. Bill just left and we're still feeling his absence. I cried, Stan cried, Mike and Ben cried and no matter how much Richie denies it, I know he cried too.

We're still Losers, but it doesn't feel like The Losers Club anymore.

Mike is still being homeschooled by his grandfather, Stan is still obsessed with birds, Richie is as obnoxious as ever and I'm still the same, scared of being sick like I always was.

I still wonder about Bev and Bill, how they're doing and if they miss us like we miss them.

I don't want Richie to leave me behind .

I'm gonna miss Ben and listening to New Kids on the Block with him.

Thank god Richie never saw us or we wouldn't have let me forget about it .

Love,  
Eddie.

...

Dear Diary,

For a while I've been feeling weird around Richie. Like I don't care if he's dirty or he's sick, I'd still wanna hang out with him. I don't feel this way around Stan or Mike, and I never felt this for Bill or Ben. Not even Bev and she's a girl. I'm supposed to feel different about her and I never did.

I've never liked girls the way I should. Mommy would kill me if she knew, or take me away from Richie for being "a dirty boy" and I don't want to be away from him. Especially not now.

I miss Bill, he always knew what to say to me and would be the best at knowing what to do.

Maybe I should talk to Stan. He seems like he knows everything.

I don't think I could talk to Richie about this. Every time he sees Bowers' cousin he gets all weird and afraid, like there's something he's scared of. Not even with Pennywise would he get like this.

I don't wanna be the reason Richie's afraid.

He's the brave one. He makes me brave.

Maybe Stan will bring some sense into my head and I can be around Richie like I always have.



Love,  
Eddie.

PS: Richie is trying to climb over my window and it's kinda sweet how he throws rocks at it to get my attention. I hope we do this for a really long time.

...

Dear Diary,

I'm in love with a boy.

I shouldn't say it, and I shouldn't think about it, but I can't help it. He's one of my best friends and sometimes, when I look at him, I can't help it and I just want to kiss him. He's an idiot, but he's my idiot, I guess.

Today we were together down at the Clubhouse just the two of us reading comics and I noticed how he looked under the lights and I felt this weird feeling all over again. But for the first time since I realised, I was not scared of this feeling.

Every time I'm with Richie, I'm not afraid of anything.

I wanted to kiss him in that very moment, but then Mike and Stan came in and the moment was broken. For Richie it was like nothing had happened, but for me it changed everything.

I am in love with Richie, and I think I've always have.

But I'll never tell him, 'cause I don't wanna lose him.

Do you think he loves me back?

I hope he does. I really do.

Love,

Eds.

PS: Today is my birthday and Richie woke me up by singing “Happy Birthday” while screaming in my ear. It was the best birthday ever, cause I realised I’m in love with my best friend.

...

Dear Diary,

Mommy wants to leave Derry, and I have to go with her, even though I don’t want to. I want to leave Derry, but... I... I don’t wanna leave Richie behind, I always thought he was gonna be the one to leave me .

He still has Stan, but it’s not the same. It wouldn’t be the same for me either. He’s not me and he’s not Richie. I will never meet someone like Richie, and while I say jokes that he’s annoying, he’s actually the best thing that’s ever happened to me. Not that I’ll ever tell him that.

I’m crying as I write this ‘cause I just finished packing and it all feels so real.

I’m leaving Derry tomorrow and I’m scared of forgetting about Richie.

Everyone forgets as soon as they leave. Bev did it first, then Bill, Ben and now I will forget soon too. I’d rather have Richie forgetting me

than me forgetting about him. It would hurt less because I would know he's out there living his best life even if I'm not right there next to him. But now I will not even know who Richie Tozier is.

There's never been a moment in my life where Richie hadn't existed. And he will, only that I won't know who he is.

I remember when I was 5 and Bill was nowhere to be found, probably talking with Stan, the new kid in school. Henry was picking up on me, hanging my fanny pack over my head when a little boy screamed "you fucker" and kicked Henry in the shins. Henry screamed and dropped the fanny pack and followed this boy all over the playground, while the boy was screaming "fuck". He then ran into a teacher who yelled at him for saying a bad word and got him in detention for the rest of the recess.

I went to talk to him and he called me "cute" saying that was the main reason he saved me and my fanny pack with my meds. I remember thinking he was cute too.

He introduced himself as Richie Tozier and has been by my side ever since.

He was the one who spent time with me that summer when all the Losers were fighting, helping me escape from my mom's punishment and climbing down the tree next to my window, even with the casquet in my arm. He was the one who always carried an extra inhaler in case I had lost mine or was having trouble finding it. He still carried one even after we learned I didn't actually need one. He was the only one who always put up with me when I was having one of my bad days. Not even Bill endured me during those.

He is the one I think of when people talk about love.

Please, if there's anyone out there who can stop this, don't let me forget about the love of my life.

Love,

Eds Eddie Spaghetti Eddie.

...

Dear Diary,

I'm 40 years old and Mike has called me to tell me I need to go back to Derry. Everything came back to me the moment I heard his name. Derry, the clown, Bowers, the Losers.

Richie.

God, I haven't written in this thing since I left Derry and forgot all about the Losers and Richie when I was a sophomore. I think I used to look at this thing and didn't even consider opening it, thinking it was my mom's garbage.

Sorry about that.

It feels stupid to write in here when I'm 40, but I'm about to see Richie for the first time in 27 years and I feel like I'm 15 again and I realised I was in love with my best friend.

I know that the minute I see him everything will come back to me. The yearning, the pining, the love.

I haven't stopped loving him, even after all these years.

Even after my marriage.

God, I'm married to a woman who is the spite image of my mother and I can already hear Richie's jokes about it. He will be an ass but will be there for me if I need him to be.

I think he's still the same Richie Tozier I once knew and loved, even if he doesn't write his own jokes.

I've never been able to stop watching his specials, even when I hated

the forced jokes and how untrue it felt to hear him say some things. That's not Richie's humour and I wish to know why he's not writing his own material.

He's the funniest guy I've ever known and doesn't need another person to be funny.

I've never laughed as hard as I did when I was with Richie.

Richie...

I'm leaving Myra.

Not because of Richie, because I don't know if he feels the same. But maybe I am doing it because of him. I don't remember much but I know that as long as I have Richie in my life nothing can scare me and I need to be brave if I'm leaving my wife.

If I'm feeling like this just by remembering a few things, I can't imagine what I will feel like when I see him again.

Bev was right, he did grow into his looks.

Maybe after everything is said and done, I will be brave enough to tell him how I feel. 27 years is a long time to wait for my first love to love me back.

Will he still call me Eds? Or Eddie Spaghetti? I miss when he used to call me that, despite the ridiculousness of the nicknames. It was our thing, like me annoying him in the hammock endlessly or sharing ice cream only with him.

No one has ever understood me as well as Richie did.

I've had a whole in my chest for as long as I can remember, but thinking about the Losers makes me feel whole, complete. Will Bill remember me, the brotherhood we had? What about Stan, is he the same kid who loved birdwatching and hanging out with us? Mike? Ben? Bev?

Do they miss me like I've missed them even if I didn't remember them?

I'm excited and scared but it's good, like it never was.

I'm finally seeing my family again.

Love,

Eddie Kaspbrak, loser till the very end.

...

As Richie finished reading Eddie's diary, he realised tears had begun prickling at his eyes. He knew he was crying in the middle of the street and anyone could record him and turn it into a meme but he didn't care. Not anymore.

Eddie was gone, but not really. If Ben was right, and the sap usually was, Eddie would always live in everyone's memory and heart, even if it hurt Richie like hell to remember his face, his voice, his smile. How angry he would get when being annoyed or the cute blush that would cover his cheeks when Richie called him cute.

Even when confronted with a 40 year old dude without a fanny pack but with the same angry glare that he had back when he was 13, Richie thought Eddie Kaspbrak was the cutest human being that had ever graced the face of the Earth.

The rest of the Losers were still inside, paying their respects to Eddie in his casket. He had fought hard and long for their friends to help him get Eddie out of Neibolt, but even with everyone helping him out, it was still too late. Eddie was gone before they even reached the surface.

The love of his life had died not knowing that his love was reciprocated, that Richie loved him as much as Eddie had loved him, for as long as he had or maybe even longer.

If only he knew back then what he knew now...

Eddie had been his first and only love, ever since he was 13 years old and a murderous clown taunted him with his “dirty little secret”. The diary had been a mock gift, but not really because Richie knew how much Eddie would love such a gift.

Eddie kept a lot of things inside himself, especially after the Losers started leaving Derry behind.

And the last thing Richie wanted was for Eddie to feel alone.

Hence, the diary.

He grabbed his phone from his pocket and dialled a number that by now he knew by heart. He waited a few moments until he heard what he had been dying to hear since he started reading the diary.

“You’ve reached Edward Kraspback, but I can’t answer you right now. Leave your message after the beep and I’ll contact you as soon as I can.”

Beep

“Eddie my love, I love you too.”

The End.

**Author's Note:**

I hope you liked it.